The Whilom Queen of Pioneer Cities,

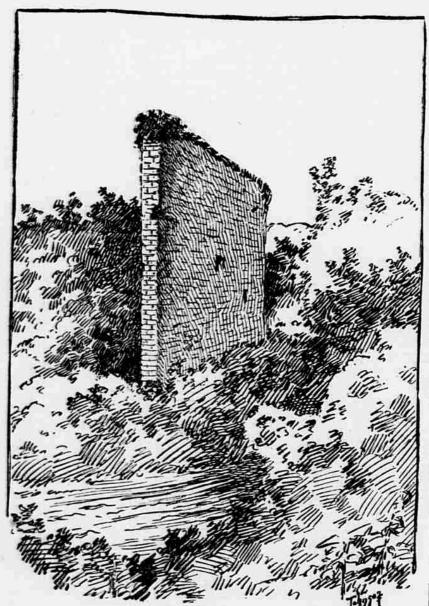
Which is Now Merely a Landmark, With Some Picturesque Ruins.

Long ago-over forty years—two embryo cities were rivals for prominence in the golden west. They were Kansas City and Quindaro. Both were the outgrowth of the need for a channel through which emigration might pass into the newly opened territory. For a time it seemed that Quindaro would outstrip her sister village. There was every prospect for the settlement, on was every prospect for the settlement, on me Missouri river seven miles above the Mr. Guthrie's colleagues in the town com-

QUINDARO OF THE PAST
the historic towns. There were many practical reasons to support their choice of this site, Of these the most important natural advantage was the rock landing. In all the length of the river not a better levee could be found at that time.

Free state men had made their homes along the river some time before the border trouble arose. When the disturbances occurred, the necessity of having an antislavery stronghold on the river was clearly seen. Free state men were therefore interested in the project of organizing a town company.

The Town Company.



THE SOUTH RUIN. THE MILL

mouth of the Kaw, becoming a metropolis which would demand recognition.

With progress in all things as its motto, development was by no means slow. First comers were quickly followed by others, and the substantial structures. Full of faith in Quindaro and her great projects. The end in the first day of January, 1857, work was begun on the town. In a year there were so many around that it was bustantial structures. Full of faith in Quindaro and her great projects. The end in the first day of January, 1857, work was begun on the town. In a year there were so many around that it was bustantial structures. Full of faith in Quindaro and her great projects. The end in the first day of January, 1857, work was begun on the town. In a year there were so many around that it was begun on the town. In a year there were so many around that it was begun on the town. In a year there were so many around that it was begun on the town. In a year there were so many around that it was begun on the town. In a year there were so many around that it was begun on the town. In a year there were so many around that it was begun on the town. In a year there were so many around that it was begun on the town. In a year there were so many around that it was begun on the town. In a year there were so many around that it was begun on the town. In a year there were so many around that it was begun on the town. In a year there were so many around that it was begun on the town. In a year there were so many around that it was begun on the town in a year there were so many around that it was begun on the town was begun on the town. In a year there were so many around that it was begun on the town was begun on the town. In a year there were so many around that it was begun on the town was any around that it was begun on the town was begun on the town. In a year there were so many around that it was begun on the town was any around that it was begun on the town was any around that it was begun on the town was any around that it was begun on the tow

levee, was the scene of many patriotic demonstrations. An old brass cannon, un-earthed from its hiding place in Nebraska, did valiant service in celebrating the Fourth of July.

of July.

A company of free state volunteers was organized to protect the ballot box. Drills were held on the avenue every evening, and, in spite of the variety of weapons with which the men were armed, the company was capable of good service.

Border ruffians from Platte City, Mo, who came sneaking in on election day to steal the ballot boxes, were promptly repulsed.

Beginning of the End.

The financial panic of '57 had a dire effect on Quindaro. From hundreds of daily arrivals the number fell rapidly down to two or three. Finally none came, and two or three. Finally none came, and Quindaro was doomed. Kansas City, at the junction of the Missouri and the Kaw, was seen to be in the most advantageous situation, and it soon became the principal gateway for all western emigration. Buildings that were going up in Quindaro were arrested in their development as suddenly, and almost as mysteriously, as the Sleeping Beauty and her household were introduced to their long rest. All hope of reviving the town was useless, and the prices of town lots made a flying leap from their proud heights. In due time most of the buildings were taken away and the broad avenue came once again under the plowshare. the plowshare.

Now a mile's walk from the end of the West Side railway brings the pedestrian to the yet unburied remains. One feels something as a coroner must in holding his first inquest, when examining the ruins with a view to making a historical monograph.

with a view to making a historical monograph.

Nature, however, has thrown a shielding mantle of ivy over the rough walls and piles of debris. A picturesque run—one which the artists called "quite continental"—is all that marks the spot where Colonel Park, of Parkville, invested \$15,000 in a warehouse which he never used. Another crumbling structure is all that is left of the saw mill. The levee has returned to a state of nature, and is used by the fishermen of the neighboring country. Here they gather in the long summer mornings to smoke their pipes, dig their bare feet into the sand and swap stories about "Them old ploneer days."

Some Old Residents.

Some Old Residents.

Of the first settlers of Quindaro, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Gray and Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Sortor are still living near the old townsite. Mr. Sortor confessed that he thought he had struck California when he reached Quindaro in 1855. "Why, gold was as easy to get as air and water," he said. "Those were great days. I've seen five hundred people get off the steamer down at the levee—and the hotel was always full. It was a good hotel, the Quindaro house, with forty-five comfortable rooms. I can remember well the day Governor Walker and Senator Wilson talked to the people of the town from the steamboat Lucy, There was a drunk man on the same boat, and he said, inarticulately, as he came ashore. Me and them other two gentlemen (pointing to Walker and Wilson) came up on the same boat." "It was a prohibition town, but a fellow from Wyandotte sneaked over some whisky. We made him give it up, though, and he had to watch it sink into the sand as we knocked the head of the barrel in. I can hear it yet going 'ker plump, ker plump' as it runs out of the barrel." When Mrs. Sortor was asked if there were many hardships to endure in the early days she grew quite reminiscent, recalling many interesting points.

"The first winter we were here, she said, "the walls of our house weren't plastered, and we had to have our cook stove outside the kitchen. You could hang a wet rag against the stove some days and it would freeze stiff. I had no cupboard, and often wondered what my New York friends would think of using a box for a sideboard. I was very much afraid of the Indians and my children feared the negroes too. Indians would walk right through my freshly scrubbed kitchen on their way across the fields. That was a short cut to avoid going a few steps around. One day, when I was alone here with the children, a drunken Indian came. I saw him and locked the door. He stuck his head in at the window and said, "Why loca door? Afraid?" I told him I wasn't, though all the time I was pale with terror. He went on. I'll take supp Of the first settlers of Quindaro, Mr

"The first winter we were here." she said. "The walls of our house weren't plastered, and we had to have our cook stove outside the kitchen. You could hang a wet rag against the stove some days and it would freeze stiff. I had no cupboard, and often wondered what my New York friends would think of using a box for a sideboard. I was very much afraid of the Indians and my children feared the negroes too, Indians would walk right through my freshly scrubbed kitchen on their way across the fields. That was a short cut to avoid going a few steps around. One day, when I was alone here with the children a drunken Indian came. I saw him and locked the door. He stuck his head in at the window and said. Why loca door? Afraid? I told him I wasn't, though all the time I was pale with terror. He went on. I'll take supper with you.' I said my supper wasn't ready, but I'd give him something to eat. After awhile he fell asleep behind the stove and stayed there all night. I tell you that was an uneasy night for me! I kept going to look at that Indian every few minutes. Mr. Sorior emplified his pockets and found a bottle of whisky, a sack of candy and a dried herring.

"The Indians never did much harm, but there were so many around that it was well to keep on the watch. Precedent there were so many around that it was well to keep on the watch. Precedent was about the extent of social gayeties. The programmes were pretty good, but there were no musical instruments, I knew Mrs. Quindaro Guthrie quite well, and she was



THE NORTH RUIN. FORMERLY COLONEL PARK'S WAREHOUSE.

through the branches. The only breath of sound that disturbs their hidling place comes from the city down the river. From life and vigor to senility and decay it is but a step.

Beauty of Situation.

Nature, however, has lavished her best efforts on the last resting place of Quindaro as their for the Parkville and Grand River railway, all this time the Chin-do-wan had kept up dark greens of the ravine, which hangs like a net from the two hills, and now across the Missouri, with its ever changing lights, to where the shadows fade gradually from purple to palest gray, one does not wonder that the pioneers of 1855 chose Quindaro as their destination.

But beauty was perhaps the least important feature considered by the projectors of the ravine, which hangs the least important feature considered by the projectors of the ravine when hose and the two hills and considered by the projectors of the ravine when hose farms a skeleton in the closet."—

Quindaro was made half a dollar less than to towns several miles further. Passengers were advised to go to Leavenworth and park the early several miles further. Passengers were advised to go to Leavenworth and park the extrement be extremed even the existence of Quindaro was kept secret when possible.

In spite of opposition the town continued to flourish. Surveyors marked off the land for the Parkville and Grand River railway. All this time the Chin-do-wan had kept up a lively trumpeting, that all the world does the glory of Quindaro grand provents and the town continued to flourish. Surveyors marked off the land for the land for the Parkville and Grand River railway. All this time the Chin-do-wan had kept up a lively trumpeting, that all the world does the glory of Quindaro at the wind was perhal to the wind had kept up a lively trumpeting that all the world does the glory of Quindaro at the few faithful ones that are left does the five of the few faithful ones that are left does the glory of Quindaro at the two had the town continued to flourish. Surveyors marked off the

LEOPOLD II. OF BELGIUM COMING SOON TO SEE US.

His Majesty Is First Cousin to Queen Victoria-Something of His Life and Works When at Home -Lives Very Simply.

It is announced that King Leopold, of Belgium, is about to make us a visit. His Belgian majesty expects to start in August upon a long yachting cruise. He will cross the Atlantic and spend some time in he United States. The itinerary of his ourney on this side has not yet been given

Leopold was born at Brussels, April 9 835, succeeded to the throne December 10, 865, and has, therefore, ruled for twenty eight years. In 1840 he was created Duke of Brabant, and this title has since been recognized as that of the heir apparent to the Belgian throne. He took his seat in

the Beigian throne. He took his seat in the senate on reaching his majority in 1855. He has proved a safe king and conservative ruler.

His majesty is first cousin to Queen Victoria. His mother was Princess Louise of Orleans, daughter of Louis Philippe, and as it is a characteristic trait of his that he never wears gloves, it is looked upon more as a proof that he is prouder of his



LEOPOLD II

descent from the Orleans family, who were noted for their exquisitely shaped hands, than to the fact that his own hands are very beautiful and very aristocratic in their lines.

Rigid Look of Countenance.

Whoever studies the physiognomy Leopold II. cannot fail to be struck with the rigid look of his countenance, which

Life One of Simplicity.

From every point of view the king's life s one of great simplicity. He sleeps in a camp bed and has a horror of anything hat could enervate. He rises early, generally at 6. After a light repast he goes into his study, where he carefully examines all the papers and documents concerning state business that have accumulated there since the previous day. To this work he gives the most minute attention, reading everything himself and annotating with his own hand.

Riding is the king's chief particular.

with his own hand.

Riding is the king's chief pastime. He rides once or twice a day, generally going to the Bois, winter and summer. He reads enormously, and keeps himself well informed.

enormously, and keeps himself well informed.

To the pleasure of the table the king is also insensible. He eats little, and prefers frugal to sumptuous meals. He hardly ever fouches wine. Water is his favorite beverage. Amusements, too, are not beloved by him. As for the theater, he almost hates it, and never puts his foot inside one when he can possibly avoid it. The same dislike extends to the opera. In this he differs widely from the queen, who passionately loves music and is seen in the royal box almost every evening.

Mention of his name will recall that it was King Leopold who made Cleo de Merode some three years ago in Paris. His visit to New York may result in the birth of a new beauty for us everyday, money-making Americans, and certain it is whoever receives the stamp of royal favor while Leopold is in America may consider her fortune made, as was Cleo's.

America's First Elephant. From the Owensboro (Ky.) Inquirer,

From the Owensboro (Ky.) Inquirer.

It is not generally known that a former citizen of Owensboro brought across the ocean the first elephant that was ever in America. The name of the gentleman was Moses Smith, who at one time owned a vast body of land from the mouth of Panther creek, up the river, embracing nearly all of the present farms in the neighborhood of Sorgho. Mr. Smith was in Paris with his brother, and had "more money than he knew what to do do with." He told his brother that he intended taking something to America that the people had never seen.

"You had better buy an elephant," said the jocular brother; and that was what Moses did.

He picked out the biggest animal he

the jocular brother; and that was what Moses did.

He picked out the biggest animal he could find and paid an enormous price for it. He brought it to New York, where it was a nine days' wonder, but the owner soon found that he had something worse than the proverbial white elephant on his hands. He tried to sell it, but could find no buyer, and at last undertook to give it away, in which he was equally unsuccessful. Finally he found a man who agreed to pay him \$100 for it, and this individual put it on exhibition. He was so successful that he went into the show business and made a fortune out of Mr. Smith's folly. Colonel Frank McKernan, of Adairville, is a grandson of Mr. Smith, who lived to a great age at his home in this county.

Traveling. A nook, A parting look, A-dieus, and all of that. A breeze, A window shut down tight;

A bed,
A spread,
A sleepy head,
A good old "snooze" all night.

A shake, A-wake, A tender steak, A brush—a quarter's worth;

A nab,
A grab,
A hansom cab,
A foot again on earth.
SIDNEY FOSSWOOD.

Girl Students Looked Too Youthful. At the University of Berlin two young women students have been debarred from attendance at lectures for wearing their hair in plaits. The authorities rejected the girls on the ground that they looked so young, and they wore their hair down, and resembled school girls rather than university women. "I cannot lecture before them: they make me feel uncomfortable," said Professor Ernest Grimm the other day of these women students.

AFTER CYCLING GOLF Tennis Riding OR ANY ATHLETICS

Nothing so soothing, cooling, purifying, and refreshing as a bath, either hot or cold, with

It prevents chafing, redness, and roughness of the skin, soothes inflammation and irritation, removes undue or offensive perspiration, and when followed by gentle anointings with CUTICURA, purest of emollient skin cures, proves most beneficial in relieving tired, lamed, or strained muscles.

PIMPLES blackheads, red, mothy, oily skin, red, rough hands, dry, thin, and falling hair, and simple baby blemishes prevented by CUTICURA SOAP, because the only preventive of inflammation and elogging of the pores. Because of its delicate emollient properties, CUTICURA SOAP is the most soothing, cooling, purifying application for summer rashes, tan, sunburn, bites and stings of insects, irritations, chafings, and inflammations, as well

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SOME SERIOUS WOUNDS FROM WHICH SOLDIERS DID NOT DIE.

aptain Mills Shot Through the Head -Colonel Worth's Wounds and the Devotion of His Men-How Spaniards Fight.

covering from what were supposed to be fatal wounds at Santiago none was more remarkable than that of Captain Mills, of the First regular cavalry. Mills was hit in the forehead, the bullet entering one side just above the eye and coming out on the opposite side of the head. No hopes whatever were entertained of his recovery. An antiseptic bandage from the "first aid package" was hastily tied around his head and as he was helped back toward the rear his face shone with ghastly pallor except where it was streaked with blood except where it was streaked with blood from the wounds. He soon recovered from the first shock of the bullet, which had knocked him down, and was able to starger along with the assistance of two men from his troop. As he was leaving the firing line another of his troopers approached him and begged permission to try to do something for him. Mills could not see the man but he recognized his voice and replied. "No. Wagner, you can't help me. I'm dying like a soldier." And all thought he would be dead inside of half an hour. The next day we heard that he all thought he would be dead inside of half an hour. The next day we heard that he would live, but would lose both eyes; a day after it was found that one eye could be saved and by July 6, five days after the fight, Captain Mills could see from both eyes. He was able to go home by the 10th and will suffer no permanent injuries from his wound.

Colonel Worth, of the Thirteenth infantry, who has since been made a briga-

stood up. He had barely assumed an upright position when he gave a yell of paim and tottered. For an instant it seemed that he would fall on Worth, but he finally fell in the opposite direction.

He had been shot in the ribs, and must have been unconscious for a little while. In a brief time Worth heard him quarreling with another wounded soldier over the ownership of a haversack.

"I tell you it's mine," said the old striker, "and it belonges under Colonel Worth's head." In a few moments Worth felt his head gently raised and the haversack put under it. The old fellow, even in his dad gently raised and the haversack put under it. The old fellow, even in his last act of devotion for his last act of devotion for hour after this, and when he came back to realization he asked for the old striker. No one remembered having seen him go away, but it was said that he had been bedding profusely from his wound. Colonel Worth was unconscious for an hour after this, and when he came back to realization he asked for the old striker. No one remembered having seen him go away, but it was said that he had been bedding profusely from his wound. Colonel Worth was much distressed the last time I saw him, for fear the old fellow had crawled into the jungle and died. He had to Captaln Mills, of avalry. Mills was hit in buillet entering one side and coming out on the sent of Captaln Mills, of walry. Mills was hit in buillet entering one side and coming out on the speaking of the effects of the Mauser Rife.

The Mauser Rifle.

Speaking of the effects of the Mauser rifle, there is no doubt of the fact that it is a more humane weapon than the Krag-Jorgenson rifle. I saw some wounds in-flicted by our rifles which were horrible dorgenson rine. I saw some wounds inflicted by our rifles which were horrible. Of course our rifle is 30 caliber, while the Mauser is a little over 27. The Mauser is a steel coated bullet, and if it hits a man after it has lost its initial velocity, it goes straight through, inflicting a wound no larger than the bullet.

For the first hundred yards or so, the Mauser has a velocity which sends it twirling and if it hits at close range it makes a bad wound. It was this which caused our surgeons to think for a while that explosive bullets were being used. Our guns have about the same action, but the wounds inflicted are larger. Then, too, more of them were inflicted at short range. Our men for several hours could see nothing to fire at and did comparatively little damage. When they got into the open where they could see the enemy their range was close and their aim deadly. Some of our bullets when they hit the Spaniards must have been playing all sorts of tricks, judging from the holes they made.

Our Soldlers' Marksmanship.

Nothing was more fully illustrated in the Santiago fight than the superiority of our men's marksmanship when they saw any-

From the St. Poul Globe.

A former member of the house of representatives who has voted the Republican tleket ever since he was naturalized, visited St. Paul the other day and encounered an old friend who questioned him about his method of voting in the house.

"I always voted Republican," he said, with a smile of pride.

"But how did you vote on questions before the house."

"A Republican sit beside me," answered

A Reputation of the state me, answered the statesman, "and ven he say 'yes,' I say 'yes,' too,"

"But suppose he was absent when a vote was taken; what would you do then?"

"Vell, a Democrat he sit behind me, and ven he say 'yes,' I say 'no."

Bismarck's Happy Days.

At the close of his official career he said to some friends at Friedrichsruhe: "I have seldom been a happy man. If I reckon up the rare minutes of real happiness in my life I do not believe they would make twenty-four hours in all. In my political life I never had time to have the feeling of happiness. But in my private life there have been moments of happiness. I remember, for instance, a really happy moment in my life, and that was when I shot my first hare. In later years it gave me pleasure to see my irrigated meadows and plantations thriving, and at home I took pleasure in my wife and children."

A New Picture of William Makepeac Thackeray.

This profile portrait of Thackeray is from an unpublished carte de visite and is re-drawn from a half-tone reproduction in the Bookman. It gives an entirely new idea of the great novelist's face, as it brings

